# THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK.

*Enter* Barnardo *and* Franciſco, *two Sentinels.*

*Bar.* Who's there?
*Fran.* Nay anſwer me, ſtand and unfold your ſelfe.
*Bar.* Long live the King.
*Fran. Barnardo?*
*Bar.* Hee.
*Fran.* You come moſt carefully upon your houre.
*Bar.* 'Tis now ſtrooke twelve: get thee to bed *Franciſco.*
*Fran.* For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſicke at heart.
*Bar.* Have you had quiet guard?
*Fran.* Not a mouſe ſtirring.
*Bar.* Well, goodnight:
If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus,*
The rivalls of my watch, bid them make haſte.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Fran.* I thinke I heare them. Stand ho: who is there?
*Hora.* Friends to this ground.
*Mar.* And Liegemen to the Dane.